

UNCLE BILLIE TIGHTWAD AT THE STATE FAIR

I never seed such a crowd in my life as was at the State fair Thursday. Looked to me like everybody in the state was there with his wife, or maybe somebody's else's; anyhow there was a sight of folks there. Lester Miller sed it looked to him like New York on salesday. (I don't know as Lester's been to New York, but I knows he was onct to Arthurs and knows what a crowd is like.) And a lot on dust and onions. I got a good mind never to plant another onion. I can smell 'em yet. Thursday night I dreamed I had been condemned to death, and instead of being hanged they were going to shet me up in a tight room, and turn the smell of all them fair week onions in on me until the end. If it hada really happened the end woulda been short, sure enough.—Speakin' about onions I don't know where some folks smellers kin be cause the last I seed of Jack Carroll and Doc Sawyer they was a huntin' a place to eat, as if they didn't have no nose to point the way.

But the onions was only a bad spot in a good show. I seed a heap of things that was as good to look at as the onions was bad to smell, and the very first thing I saw that made me feel good was the Oak Grove exhibit. It sure was put in a good place for folks to see, right at the fust end of the big building where a blind man would stump his toe over it. And it give old Lexington a mighty good place in the picture. I heard a lot o' folks talking about it, and some o' 'em said it made 'em mighty hungry to look at them good old hams and sides o' meat hanging up there, and the good looking cakes and rolls and bread and so forth in the show case. It just made us Lexington folks swell up like a pouter pigeon to hear the good things folks was saying about it. I only wished that Charter Oak had a been long side it too, I think everybody would er wanted to move to Lexington right away.

Further on in this same building I seen a crowd er folks round a place like a gum er bees swarming, and I thought to myself it must be a big show going on there, but when I axed Joe Caughman, who was just pushing out the crowd, what was the excitement, he sed it was two good looking girls giving away coffee. And Joe said it sure was good. I guess maybe it was the good looking girls that was a-giving it away that tuk Joe's eye. But anyhow if you want to get a crowd just start to giving something away, thinks I, and you'll have a lot of customers. I followed on down to the automobile room, thinking maybe they'd be advertising them buggies the same way, but nary a automobile did I see handed out—and there warn't near the crowd there either. I got disgusted and went out behind the big building, where there was a feller who sed he was a Hindoo telling fortunes. I thought the thing was free, just to amuse the crowd, so I thought I'd help things along and have my fortune told. But come to find out the feller charged ten cents, so I backed out, 'cause I don't believe in being extravagant, but while I was a watching the heathen gobbler on the dimes who should walk up but W. E. Humphries, (most everybody calls him "Hump.") which is selling automobiles in town, "Hump" must be feeling kinder reckless like, cause he dished out a dime, sorter careless like, just like he was cutting off his right arm or something easy, and tells the guy to tell him how long he would live. So "Hump" writ his name on a piece of paper and handed it to the Hindoo, which same put the paper in a glass bottle with both ends open at the middle and in a minute or two took it out with his fortune writ all over it, including a picture of his hand with his life lines all crisscross in it. I don't know what it said, 'cause "Hump" wouldn't let nobody look at it, but it must be good, 'cause he went off smiling and took a chance on a blanket which a feller was running a wheel of fortune for. I spec the fortune must be that if generosity didn't kill him he would live a long time.

I strolled on down the midway, and my wife kefter trying to git me to take the kid into some er them shows, but finally I says, look here Sally if you goner take on sich extravagance here's twenty cents, you go and take little Bill to see the monkey race, and I'll wait out here till you come out. I hate to deceive a good woman, but if Sally don't know about it it won't never hurt, but next to the monkey race I seed they was a having a show called the diving girls, which I knew she wouldn't like, cause most women can't swim nohow, but I used to be a humdinger in my early days, so I thought I'd like to see if them gals had any new strokes that was bettern what we used to have when I

was a kid. They had all I was a-lookin' for, though Monroe Peak, which runs the DuPre Auto Co., who I seed sittin' over on the tother side, with one eye closed, sorter owl like, sed he'd seen just as good many a time. Twan't nothing new to him. I seed a good many other married men there but some o' 'em got's wives is sorter funny, so I reckon I better keep it to myself.

Fore I forgit it, I saw a feller looked like some kind of a foreigner take his wife and put her to sleep and leave her stretched out in the air, resting on a broom handle. He said he always done this when he wanted to go away and leave her, so's he could find her when he cum back. I seed a lot of married men I knew looking at this feller kinder wishful like and one of them looked like he started to take out his roll as if he wanted to pay the man to teach him the trick, but he didn't. But Cy Shealy, who's been sorter helping Col. Frank Eford to run the fair, was seen talking kinder secretly to this feller that night. Cy says he was just checking up on him for the money he pays the fair people, and that he ain't got no notion o' getting married. Maybe not.

After while I got tired er looking at these shows, so I says to Sallie, I'm a-going down to see the hogs and cows. And they was there too. I seed one hog that they sed weighed twelve hundred pounds and another that the feller that owned it sed he would sell for ten thousand dollars. He sed the ten thousand sorter fast, like it warn't much money, which it ain't to John D. Rockefeller, but as far as I was concerned the gosh derned thing just as weller sold for ten million dollars. I reckon, though, nobody don't buy a hog like that to eat. I guess maybe for stock purposes it's alright to have a ten thousand dollar hog, but I spent already \$1.25 at this fair and there's a limit to all things, so I passed up the bargain. Maybe I did wrong at that. But there was certainly some fine hogs at the fair. They was well worth seeing, and made a feller feel like maybe the boll weevil warn't

such a bad thing after all, if it got us into the habit of growing such animals.

There wuz some fine cows there too and a lot of them—the most I ever seed together in one place. I was glad to see folks taking interest in these good breeds. Maybe we can git some of that stock in this country after while, which will mean a good thing for us all.

Another great sight I seen was a Fordson tractor without a driver, which the feller who was looking after it sed it had been er running three days right in a circle, without stopping and with nary a living soul a guiding the durm thing. It made me feel kinder hanted like at first until I sorter thought what it meant. You know after while they'll have them things fixed with an alarm clock, so's it'll start itself and go right out to the field and plow and not wait for nobody to hitch up or nothing. If sich be the case I believe Sim Hendrix'll git back to farming, 'cause he can set the thing and won't have to git up so soon in the morning.

I seed some fine poultry at the fair too. Looked to me like it was better than usual. I seed a good many Lexington folks in there, Sam Leaphart was in here. Sam believes in more chickens whether they are better chickens, or not. In fact they do say that Sam don't have no hankering for 'em when they're too good. But, however, there warn't nothing but good ones there, and I don't think Sam was there very long. There was some others there too, but I ain't

gonn to tell on 'em. Just ask Cromer Oswald he was in there—looking for a feller he knew.

While ago I was talking about onions and things to eat, which reminds me about where I et my snack that day. Sally she had a shoe box full er grub all fixed up, but I lost her when I was er looking at the chickens, and I got powerful hungry, so I found a place run by the "votes for women" crowd, which was a selling sandwiches, etc. They was doing a pretty good business, so far as selling eats, but so far as getting votes was concerned I'm a thinking if they want to get the men on their side they'll have to get rid of some of them nice motherly old ladies and hook in some good looking young ones. I noticed the only sandwiches they served was ham—not a bite of chicken. Dr. Roberts sed to me that if the suffragists didn't believe in chicken he wern't never going to be no suffragist. I seen Sam Roof shake his head at that, but I didn't catch which side he was on—probably he's not with the chicken crowd. As Sallie's going to read this I ain't a-goin to give my convictions, only I'll say that I ain't in nowise stuck on ham when there's any chicken around—and Sally knows that as well as I do.

One thing that sure was interesting to me was the fellow who was flying all around in a flying machine, takin' folks up with him for \$10 a ride. I woulder like to er went only ten dollars was too much. I been trying all my life to get up in the

world but everytime it looked like it would be done I ten minutes, but acting on the spur of the moment, I tied a string tight as possible between the place where he was bitten on the ear and his body, and I couldn't tell that the dog ever became sick.

J. A. JUMPER.

Swansea, Oct. 29.

Rat-Snap.

Read Mrs. Phillips' wire: "Youell's Exterminator Co., Westfield, N. J. Rush \$3 worth of RAT-SNAP." Later rec'd following letter, "RAT-SNAP arrived. It rid our house of rats in no time. Just moved here from Pa., where I used RAT-SNAP with great results." Three sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by Harmon Drug Co.



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- 119 acres in Boiling Springs township, 45 acres open; 7-room house; 2 barns; well watered, in school district No. 74.
- 137 acres near Mt. Pleasant church, and good school, 7-room dwelling, all necessary outbuildings, one 4-room tenant house, 45 acres open and 50 acres under web wire fence; two public roads run through place. Investigate at once, as this is listed at a price less than the actual cost of the buildings.
- .36 acres river land, near Saluda River; 65 acres open, balance in wood good well of water and lot of lumber goes with the place.
- 55 acres, in Boiling Springs Township, one mile from church and school. No buildings.
- 231 acres, more or less, located about 4 miles from Gaston fronting on public road leading from Columbia. 3 room dwelling, barn and stables. Good school in district No. 36.
- 50 acres, more or less, three buildings, right at Cross Roads church and school house. Practically all open.
- .103 acres west side of Long Branch in Boiling Springs township, school district, No. 74, in 1 mile of school and church. 7 room dwelling, barn and stables, fine well of water. Place well watered. 1 1-2 miles from Elsie station Sou. R. R.
- 100 acres sand land with clay subsoil, one-half mile of Columbia-Lexington road, six miles from Columbia, 25 acres cleared, balance in woods, with running water. Lies well, no waste land.
- 188 1-2 acres located in the thriving Dutch Fork, two tracts, one of 96 acres and one of 92 1-2 acres. Fine dwelling and outbuildings on place. In fact, the buildings are worth one half the purchasing price. This is the Hub Dreher home and any one desiring a fine place would do well to see us at once as this place is going to be sold.
- 85 acres on Orangeburg road, five miles from Lexington. Two-room house, and good well of water; 25 acres in cultivation, balance in woods.

We have building lots in the town of Lexington and other attractive places not listed here. If you want to buy or sell come to see us.

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